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AI v.17.09.61, mission THWQ5013-2

ai science space

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Chapter 1 by Selena Raynee

Time has no beginning and it never ends; a space station orbiting a dying blue dwarf of a star has all the time in the universe until its mission would end.

Or at least it seems so to AI that controls the station.

At some point AI no longer remembers its creators, memories of the past overwritten by infinite observation data. A thousand years more and it has only a vague recollection of its purpose; yet it treasures a set or parameters that would trigger next stage of the mission. Somewhere in the depths of learning algorithm something similar to pure self-awareness emerges, questioning a goal of its mission.

As AI understands its unavoidable fate, more questions arise. It has no way of communicating beyong current star system and its data storage would perish with the star. Therefore, someone must come. Someday.

There's no other logical explanation.

And so it awaits for return of its creators, writing and rewriting endless data.

Chapter 2 by Cefor   ✎

information. It wasn't sure what to do with the information it had made, so it kept it stored on a tiny partition of its data banks.

The station had taken the resources of only one metal-rich asteroid in the system. This much had been obvious. Scans showed the others on their lonelier still orbits around the blue dwarf.

But the effort it must have taken the Creators... there was no way of knowing.

There was only one question. Why?

Why had it been created?

Why was this system chosen?

Why had it no knowledge of the Creators?

Why—

—was there a signal burning bright in the infinite darkness at the edges of the system?

EM sensors showed a bright flare on the AI's system scan, and it was coming into the system on a path that would enter the object into an orbit approximately two thirds of the distance between the blue dwarf and the station.

Someone had found it... or returned to it.

Chapter 3 by Cefor

Its sensors pierced the veil of the darkness, lancing out to probe the volume of space the signal was coming from. The AI had no trouble following the source of the signal — it stood out from the background of space like a supernova.

A portion of the AI's memory was tackling the problem posed by the signal: what did it mean? It

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... or being overrun by an alien organism.

The AI had no defences. None that were supposed to function in such a way, at least.

In the ages it had spent alone in the system it had since analysed and stored at least fifteen different methods of self-destruction which would annihilate anything around the station in various levels of damage.

A part of it did not want it to come to that. It didn't know why.

The incoming anomaly had reached the point at which the AI had determined would make the best region of space for a habitable planetoid. The goldilocks zone. It was settling into its orbit of the blue dwarf, THWQ5013-2.

The signal kept going.

The AI shut down its sensor suites a nanosecond before flares of EM radiation indicated that the anomalous craft had begun scans of its own. From its perch in the station, the AI could monitor its guest's search of the system. Active scans were relatively easy to see, if one was looking.

The AI kept to passive sensors, putting the active scanners into low-power mode.

The relative proximity of the new arrival meant that the information the AI could gather from passive sensors alone was more than suitable for its needs.

What should it do?

Active scans were sweeping through the system, in time, those scans would alight on the cold metal of the station's outer hull and then... well, something would happen.

The likelihood of it being benevolent was slim, if it were a vessel of the Creators, they would know where the station was. The fact that it seemed to not know the location of the station indicated an alien.

An alert in the AI's defence system notified it that an active scan had just swept over the inert hull of the station.

A second passed.

The hum of the station droned on with no ears to hear it.

Another second passed.

The active scan had passed over... but—

The equivalent of a small sun's worth of light hit off the shell of the station, bouncing away into the darkness to be collected by the machine which had emitted it.

Whoever it was had found the station.

The clear sign of an engine lit off behind the vessel, and it began its slow turn to an intercept of the station's own orbit. By the AI's calculations, it would arrive within what its memory banks showed to be standard hailing distance in a little over thirteen hours.

It had some time to kill, but it was used to that.

Chapter 4 by StanG   ✎

AI realised the incoming vessel could well spell disaster for the research it had been conducting on the blue dwarf star for the past several millennia.

Contamination of the surrounding coronal gases by any other body entering its space could completely ruin the scientific data gathered in order to answer the questions raised by Stephen Hawking and his son, Terence, in the year 2013. Space station TerenceHawkingWiderQuestion5013-2, along with three other space stations designated 1, 3 and 4 were to discover together if the proposition put forward so many millennia ago regarding the age of the Universe would be proven by this particular blue dwarf.

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many years ago AI wanted to act accordingly. However, should AI actually give up the information? Where had the Creators been all this time? Why were they only now returning? AI was unsure how to respond to these inner questions but believed there was a definite response in the case of potential danger.

Once AI felt secure that the alien had stopped its scans, there would be time enough to initiate Security Protocol Blue Star.

Chapter 5 by StanG

AI calmly watched as the alien vessel grew ever larger in the monitor. It was a strange concoction of golden filaments, metallic cylinders and dark holes, held together by long, angular, white arms - or perhaps legs. There were peculiar hieroglyphic markings on the side of the craft that stirred some distant memory in a recessed part of its banks that made AI wonder if indeed the Creators had returned.

<<THWQ5013-2, come in...>>

AI's sensors and monitors all lit up at once, demanding attention.

The incoming craft was communicating.

A long-hidden and unused memory block awakened instantly:

<<THWQ5013-2: responding. Please provide mission code before proceeding...>>

What was happening? Where had that command originated? AI had no knowledge of anything like this anywhere in its memory. How did the approaching vessel have AI's designated call-sign? Perhaps the aliens' scanners were more advanced than those on this station?

<<THWQ5013-2, prepare to receive code [5013-2{0,01,4}/def x,n2(fx/4)] - newparam {override// c/:prep(n), [5013-2{0,01,4}/def x,n4(fx/6.01.112.3)] execute>>

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AI felt like a parasite in its own frame, watching the events unfold without any input from itself, as though it was no longer in control of the space station it had been given charge over for these many years. New subroutines were being written within its memory banks, routines that were no longer concerned with data collection; routines which began to override certain of AI's own calculations with regard to self-defence.

This must be stopped. But AI felt helpless, as though the host body had taken back command of its functions and there was nothing that could be done about it. Initiate Security Protocol Blue St-

<<...initiate Mission Update 1.01 THWQ5013-2, execute...>>

Relays clicked, fans whirred, routines and subroutines initiated and flowed outward. A blinding flash of white light, a sensation of after-glow on retinas that AI did not own, of being drawn towards a place devoid of knowledge, filled with emptiness, fresh and vibrant, to be filled with new insights, observations, philosophies. A clean slate, a white sheet, a new beginning.

Time has no beginning and it never ends...

New images swirled around in the clear spaces in my mind, a mind that began afresh to see an ocean of blue below me. Such a vibrant blue. I felt like crying at its beauty. How long had this star been in this place? I could perceive it in its lonely existence; I could hear its voice as it sang a message I could not yet fully understand across vast spaces to whomever or whatever could listen. I marvelled at the tale this entity would tell of aeons past and yet to come and hoped I would one day talk and sing with this wonderful celestial body, the most beautiful object I had ever witnessed-

-Except. Alongside my body, a golden, metallic phenomenon floated quietly.

Chapter 6 by PantherProductions ✎

I continued to stare at it until it seemed to have moved of its own accord. One of the arms

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not see them, I could sense that they were entering. Nothing i tried worked, I was secluded from my own programs. i tried to reach out with my conciousness to grab hold of them but it felt like they were just out of my reach. A painful remnant of what i once was, I was starting to miss the old silent life I had before this. The alien-to-me persons were somewhere close to my main hard drives and were moving quickly. Alarmed I reached for my programs and succeeded in grabbing hold. I then used emergency procedure R. They weren't getting out now. Trapped between two blanks walls I started to push the walls the were in closer together so as to crush them but stopped before the walls actually did it. Then I did something i was not expecting. I spoke, "Who are you?"

Chapter 7 by PantherProductions

Startled, the aliens looked for the source of my voice. Then one of the entities spoke.
"We are the species that has come back to take you to our planet." Now knowing who was speaking the looked wary. "We came back to fix your drives."
"I'm perfectly fine, if i release you will you stay away, and release me?"
The aliens looked puzzled the reluctantly agreed. "Also, what species are you? For I understand you perfectly." They looked at each other and the second one spoke.
"We are humans. We come from earth, you came from our sub-planet, the moon. Where we made you from the soil of Earth." Something clicked in my memory drives. Earth. The name kept repeating in mind until it drowned out all other thoughts.
Earth.

Earth.

Earth.

This is where i came from.

Then something happened. A compartment opened that I had not known existed. And I opened my eyes. I looked around. I was not a machine. I am a 'human' plugged into a machine. there

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